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LOHENGRIN REED IS WANTED IN NEW YORK.
THE REPUBLICAN ELSA WOULD GLADLY BE RESCUED FROM HER OPPRESSORS.



A PUZZLE.

WILLY ADDLEPATE. — There is one thing I cawn't understand, doncherno!

CHOLLY NODDLEKINS. — What 's that?

WILLY ADDLEPATE. — Why, when we stop to consideh — aw — how uncomfortable it is in a crowd — why, aw — I cawn't see why it is that there are always more people in a crowd than there are where there is no crowd!

SHOULD NOT COMPLAIN.

"I sometimes think I was born too soon."

"Oh, pshaw! Have n't you lived to see the chainless wheel?"

DID N'T WANT TO BE HURRIED.

LENA. — Why are you in such a hurry for Jack to propose?

EDITH. — I want to have plenty of time to think the matter over before accepting him.

APPRECIATED.

FIRST FARMER. — I believe the Dingley Bill puts a duty on everything the farmers raise.

SECOND FARMER. — Well, it was real thoughtful of him to try and build up the infant industry of farmin'.

AN ATTEMPT.

"How would you define a patriot?"

"I should say a patriot is a man who takes an interest in his country's welfare, even the morning after his party has been snowed under."

UNCHANGED.

"Weyler seems to retain his military tastes."

"What do you mean?"

"This paper says that he desires nothing more than a quiet retreat."

THE DANGER PAST.

SNIFF. — The Queen of England says she is afraid the American republic will not last much longer.

SNOBSON. — Humph! Has n't she heard yet that Weyler has left Cuba?

OBJECTIONABLE VIEWS.

"I see that there is a movement on foot to force the resignation of Dr. Bookman, the President of the Allround University."

"Why?"

"He 's opposed to foot-ball."

WITH HIS whiskers and his ideas about the distribution of wealth, Santa Claus should be popular with the Populists.



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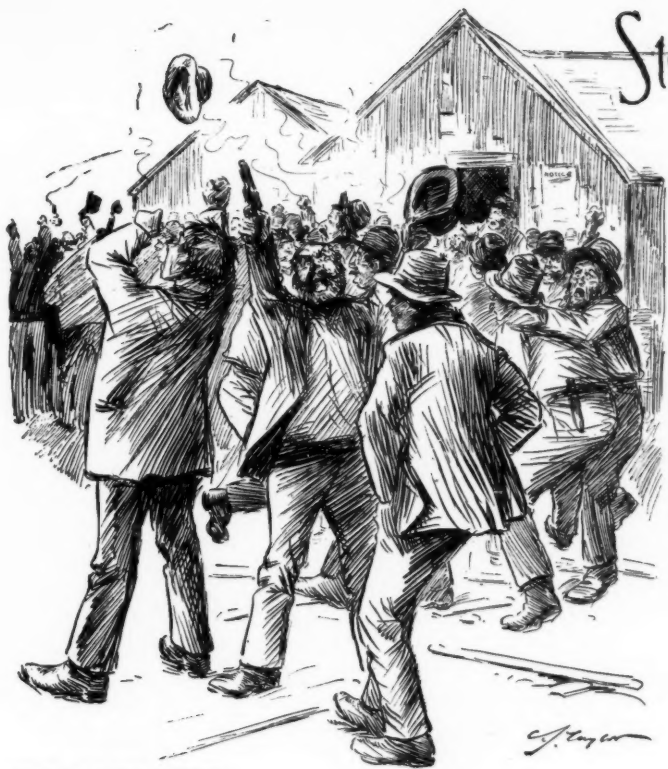
"AND THE SINS OF THE FATHER SHALL BE VISITED," ETC.

IKEY. — I — I — I never did nothin' to you.

PATSY. — No; but yer old man worked off a plugged nickel on me yistiddy, an' got a paper an' four cents change.

PUCK.

Steamer Day in Dawson



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THAR IS joy in Dawson City when we hear that cheerin' note
From th' nozzle uv a tooter on a Yukon River boat;
F'r we know she brings our bill-uv-fare, 'n' all th' latest news,
With a batch uv green prospectors, 'long with barrels full uv booze;
'Nd th' thoughts uv that thar cargo sends our spirits soarin' high,
When we think uv green prospectors, whiskey-flip 'n' codfish pie.

Oh! th' scene in this here village when that welcome sound is heard!
Why, th' sickest man in Dawson grows ez chipper ez a bird!
Then th' never-quiet business in th' bar-rooms booms abrisk,
'Nd each gambler at th' tables takes a little stiffer risk;
F'r thar 's life in them thar tidin's when a Yukon steamer toots,
'Nd th' flies keeps offen Dawson, you kin bet y'r bloomin' boots!

It 's a holiday in Dawson, 'nd we do th' job f'r fair;
'Nd 'twixt th' licker, lurgs 'n' guns thar 's music in th' air.
'Nd ye talk about receptions! Why, thar ain't no craft afloat
Kin stack up enthusiasm like a Yukon River boat!
So we drink a health t' cap'n, t' th' steamer 'n' th' freight,
'Nd we blow th' dust like feathers, 'n' defy th' hand uv Fate!

Ya-as, a steamer day in Dawson brings festivities galore,
'Nd at sound uv that first distant "toot" th' boys begins t' soar;
F'r we know that steamer fetches balm f'r hunger, thirst 'n' blues, —
Oh! supremest human blessin's — plug-terbacker, grub 'n' booze!
So we blow th' blessed nuggets when a Yukon steamer toots,
'Nd th' flies keeps offen Dawson, you kin bet y'r bloomin' boots!

Fred J. Eaton.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

"What do you think of your mother-in-law?"
asked Cain's wife's sister of Cain's wife.
"She 's a very original woman," replied Mrs.
Cain.

READING IS N'T in the same class with a
Christmas dinner for making a full man.

HIS LAST HOPE.

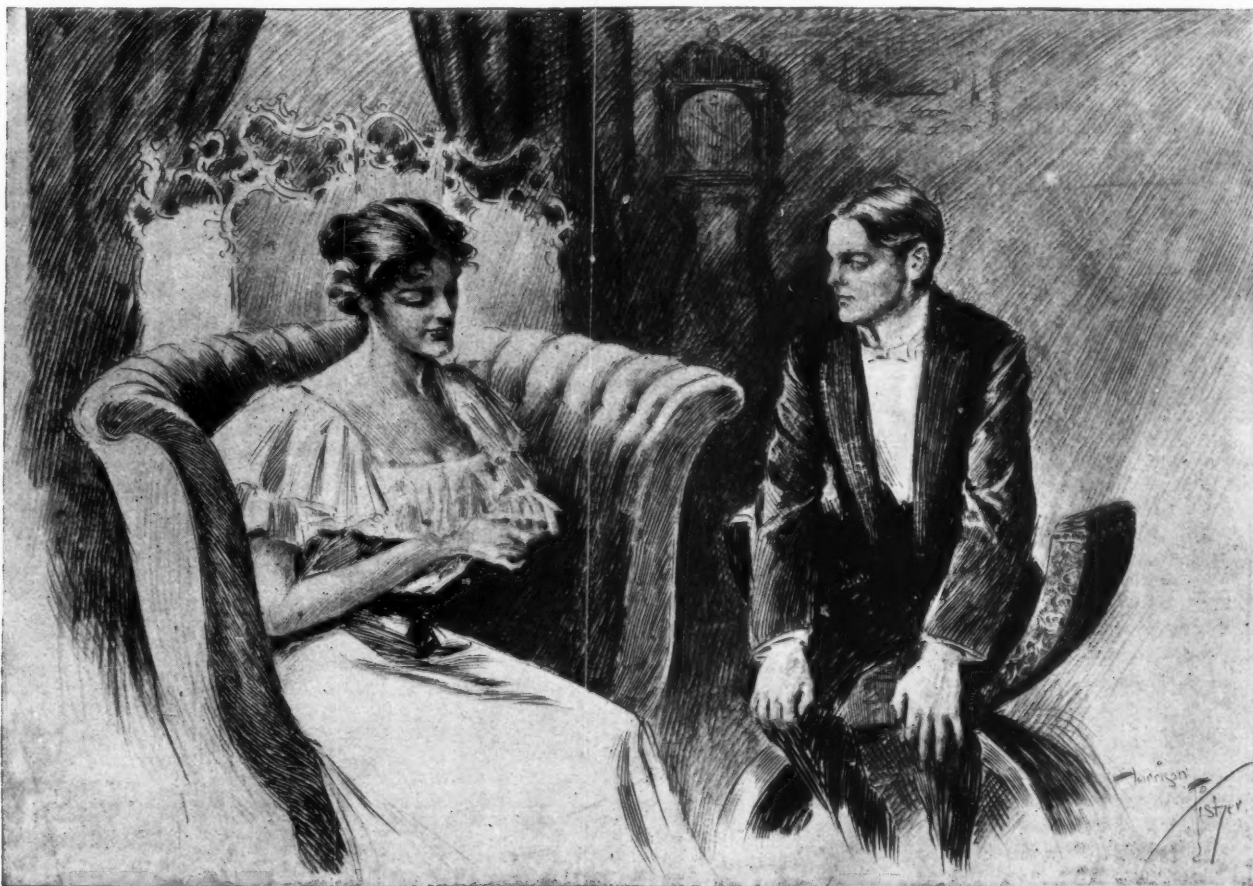
MAMA.—No, Willy; there is no such person
as Santa Claus.
LITTLE WILLY.—Is George Washington a
myth, too, Mama?

"GOOD WINE needs no bush," and a good-
looking girl needs no mistletoe.

COMMENT.

JOHNNY.—Papa, it says here that King
Richard III was born with teeth.
PAPA.—Yes; it must have saved his folks a
lot of trouble.

THE CAT has nine lives, but the small boy
is on the side of suffering humanity.



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AN OPINION.

SHE.—Do you think women are really "uncertain, coy and hard to please?"
HE.—Yes; but those who don't marry are apt to get over it.



BY WILLISTON FISH.

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II.—BLIGHTED LOVE.

WHEN SHAW, the West Pointer, came back from an evening hop at the hotel, there was an image in his mind of delicate, blooming cheeks, of eyes wondering and laughing. His silly head was full of dreams, though these were of no poetic dignity, because Shaw was only a yearling.

Shaw had seen second-class-man Jimmy Fern very friendly with the sweet vision. "Introduce me," said Shaw. "Why, why, yearling, come to a hop," bawled Jimmy; "but that's right."

Then Shaw fell under the sweet eyes; and he who had been despised for a year, was looked upon with gladness. He made an engagement for a dance, and when he went forward to claim it he was welcomed with a smile.

Miss Maud Lancaster danced like a fairy on yellow sands. When the dance was done Shaw gave her his strong arm, and they passed into the outer air. He drew chairs to the railing of the porch, and he and Maud looked upon the Hudson bathed in moonlight, except where fell the heavy shadows of the hills. There was a witching perfume in the night air; it joined with the perfume that Maud wore, and made a stealing fragrance such that



no Refiner except the Wizard memory could compound a dearer.

"You will not take cold?" said Shaw, with feeling.

"No, indeed!"

"Is n't it a beautiful sight, there?"

"Is n't it? Is n't it? We have just come."

"You have not seen the post? Let me show you in the morning."

"How I would love it!"

"I will call—call for you." Shaw's voice was husky. So, coming back from the hotel, Shaw's head was full of dreams. What a night it had been! Perhaps the turning point of his life. He walked under the big elms and through the resounding sallyport. At the guard-house he reported: "Report my return, sir, from the hop." It was the first time he ever uttered those words of dignity. The clock in the tower struck twelve before he slept.

When he woke he looked at the diamond-paned window to see if the day was fair; and his thoughts began to tell over again the merits of his love. After breakfast he ran across the plain to the hotel. Maud, ready for the walk, came tripping to meet him. Who that is old, does not recall the amazement with which he once found the dear being *awaiting* him? "How prompt you are!" said Shaw. Oh! but she was impatient to be out! Her gloves were so small and neat that Shaw, who for a year had seen only artillery gauntlets, felt a delicious masculine instinct of protection.

"Shall we walk right down this path?" he said, overcome with feeling. They walked right down the path. It is the gravelly path around Trophy Point, where lie the defeated Mexicans' brass cannon, carved deep in their verdigris with words of ancient victory. Because West Point is so old with its rocks, scarred hills and old trophies, nowhere else is a new morning so new, and nowhere else sits youth so fresh upon young beauty.

At last, at last, Shaw beheld that West Point, which he had heard of as the garden of love. With golden face the sun kissed the green plain; the band, beginning to play for guard-mounting, awakened the morning's glory. But Shaw, even in his ecstasy, became aware that the situation had changed. Miss Lancaster was duller to what he said; chill evening had stolen upon his day. He tried to talk more pleasingly, but he elicited indifferent replies. In this pass he saw his classmate Wells ahead. "Would you care to meet—?"

"Oh! I should be delighted!" cried Maud. As soon as she began to speak to Wells she was her enthusiastic self again. And at first Shaw was cheered, and to the merry talk he essayed to add his part; but he realized that his part was nothing. He walked with the two around the plain and back to the hotel. While he was silent it was arranged that Wells should be Maud's partner at the next hop. At the hedge Maud gave Shaw an indifferent nod; to Wells she said *au revoir*.

"You did n't want to take her to the hop?" Wells asked.

"That is all right."

"You don't understand women, Shaw. You are a fair hand with the boys, but you are a stick with women. That is one of the most stunning girls I ever saw."

Now Shaw's heart was heavy. Wells's heart was light. When Wells dressed for the hop it would have been difficult to distinguish him from an upper classman. Shaw went to the hop without a partner; so did McVay, Mug Miller, Gowan, Caton

and nearly all the yearlings.

They stood about the big doors, three deep. That is what yearlings go to hops for.

When Wells appeared with Maud upon his arm, the yearlings looked upon him with envy; he was oblivious of their lowly presence.

Although a yearling, Wells had his ideas of gallantry.

(Whence do yearlings and others in low walks of life obtain these ideas and where do they secretly cherish them?)

He spoke of high affairs, but at Maud's desire, he spoke of cadets, their pains and hardships, while Maud said

"T was lovely; it certainly was lovely."

When the two promenade after the dance, Wells acted exactly like a courtier, bending his head so engagingly to listen that it seemed he must be in the neighborhood of sixteen feet tall.

"Oh, what a crowd!" said Maud, petulantly.

"Yes; it is our mob hop."

"If I knew more of the *mob* it might not be quite so stupid."

Wells struggled with his pride. "There is a classmate—"

"Oh, bring him up!"

Caton was a dashing youth who put an accent on all he did. He had



no errand on the floor, but he had detached himself from the yearlings at the door for effect. Being now completely rescued from obscurity, he immediately appeared an experienced gallant.

"You must stay through the Summer," he said.

"Oh! if I could! Would n't it be lovely?" The music began, and Caton, in rapture, guided the way about; and such was the satisfaction of his manner and such the beauty of his partner, that upper classmen glowered upon him. "Shall we walk outside?" said Caton, full of unreasoning joy.

"No; I don't wish to."

"When we get down to that corner, shall we dance again?"

"Why?" They walked on like simple pedestrians.

Shaw, the true lover, separated himself from the yearlings at the door and asked for a dance. Jimmy Fern came up with a man. "Here we have it," said Jimmy. "I am bound you shall have men enough, such as they are."

The youths laughed as if at a jest, but Maud remained glum, as one listening to sad truth; but then she looked at Mr. Gowan, the new partner, and she thanked Fern gladly.

"You have no *boutonniere*, Mr. Gowan," she said, looking up with her pretty arch face, as they walked away; "will you accept this rose?" Gowan, a gentle fellow, pinned the rose over a proud heart. It seemed that he pleased the young girl, capricious as she had been. They walked out of the hot room onto the flagging in front of the hall. The big round moon shone across the dark river, and around the big trees. Gowan was in love when he saw the lights and shadows on the young face. In twilight you may look into faces, though sometimes they are then easier to read. "Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured Maud. They walked the length of the hall, and turned about. "It is cold," said Maud. "Ugh!" When they were again in the gas-

light the sparkles had fled from Maud's eyes. As

she and Gowan walked along, for she would not dance, the old partners came following them from the door. Shaw's countenance, instead of pleasing her with its constancy, irked her with its monotony. Caton offered a light remark; Wells garbled a quotation: they were not heeded, and the whole situation was depressing in the extreme, when a new man was presented. It was McVay, and he walked away smiling with his happy prize. Gowan stood holding Maud's fan. She came back for it. She was just bestowing a white rose on McVay, and saying that it was her favorite color. "You gave me a red rose," blurted out Gowan. "And does it not please you?"

But presently McVay came along where the yearlings stood at the door. "How did you like her?" the forlorn youths asked.

"Why, very much, indeed," said McVay, with surprise. Maud flew by them dancing with big Mug Miller, and her face was aflame with joyousness. On his big face Mug wore a look of satisfied bliss. But after one dance he joined the yearlings at the door.

Afterwards the ill-starred Lotharios saw Maud often. Sometimes she was cast down, sometimes joyous. But while they were consoling themselves with the reflection that she was of an unstable nature, she became as the north star. In an impromptu cotillion she had for a partner an officer named Ainé, a lifeless person with whiskers which seemed



INEXPERIENCED.

MISS CALLAHAN.—An' how do yez loike yez new place?

MISS DOOLEY.—Fairly well; but the woman niver kept a servant before, Oi'm sure.

MISS CALLAHAN.—Did she tell yez th' same?

MISS DOOLEY.—No; but Oi'm sure she did n't. She troied to boss me, an' run th' house to suit herself, whin Oi foirst wint there.

to sap his vitality. He said to Maud, "Yes" and "No," and looked stately, like a tall weed growing in the shade. Ever and anon (but never oftener) he pulled his whiskers. Maud began by being merry with Ainé.

The yearlings were not surprised at that. But whether it was the necessity of furnishing all the merriment that put her on her mettle, or whether a natural constancy became for the first time apparent, certain it is that so long as the yearlings remained in the door to observe her, her vivacity did not again desert her.

"Will you tell me why this is?" said Wells at the door, his ambition turned to bitterness; "will you tell me why she deserts us for that ape?"

"Yes," said McVay; "it is because we are too haughty."

Gowan laughed feebly, Wells blushed, Caton pretended not to hear, and Shaw's throat swelled with thought of faded dreams. The yearlings left the hall, thus leaving the door free, and walked back to barracks where they belonged.

This is not a glad tale of love. It is the tale of the yearlings at the door. But it is experience that makes men and companions. Men make good stories of youthful drubbings, and ancient hardships lend glory to converse. And all Summer in camp, when the yearlings gathered of evenings in their tents to smoke and tell tales and sing songs, there was a world-ripeness and a rich experience in the tones that floated out of camp as their voices rose in bold concord, singing in the wise old night:

"Oh! the devil take the girl that would n't have me!"

If McVay had remembered Miss Lancaster's name for a year, it would have saved him much grief.



WHY IT PLEASED HIM.

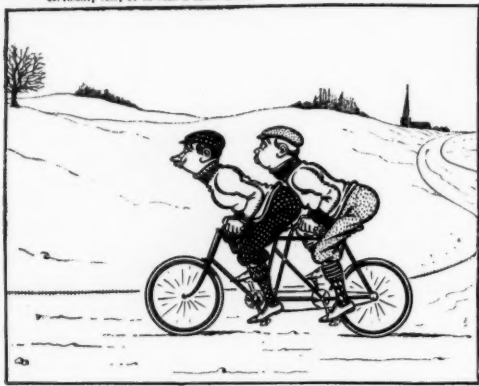
PARSON SAINTLY (*excitedly*).—Ha!—the great philanthropist Giveaway is dead—and has left his entire fortune to local charities and foreign missions.

STRANGER.—Ah! God bless him! God bless him!! I like to see money left like that.

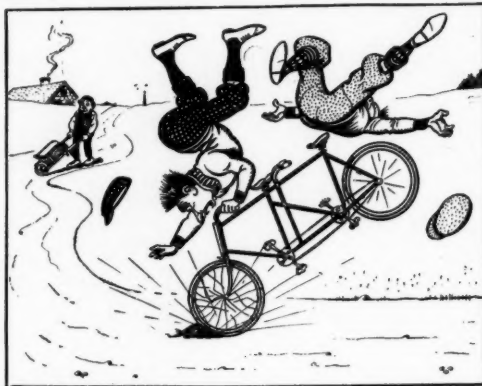
PARSON SAINTLY.—Pardon me, sir; but are you one of the cloth?

STRANGER.—Oh, no! I'm a lawyer.

"NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION."



I.

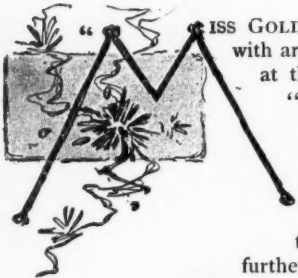


II.



III.

A BETTER ARRANGEMENT.



"MISS GOLDIE," he began, with a brave attempt at calmness, "if I had had anything to do with arranging the decorations I think I should have hung the mistletoe boe,"—smiling at this slip of the tongue, and trying not to appear flustered, he quickly continued: "I think I should have hung the mistleboe tough;"—pausing a moment to collect his thoughts, he smiled faintly and repeated, "Should have hung the mistleboough toe—;" embarrassed, but not discouraged, the young man started again: "have hung the bistletoe mough—" Here, it was painfully apparent, he was uncertain whether it behooved him to make another trial or not.

He would probably have dropped the subject entirely if it had not been for the young lady's look of encouragement, which he took as evidence that something further in the same line was expected. During the brief respite which this thought gave him, the absurdity of it all struck him forcibly, and, resuming his remarks with more confidence, he said: "I merely intended to observe that it would have been much nicer to have hung the tistlemoe bough—er, I mean the—"

"George, dear," said the young lady, kindly, "the step-ladder has been returned to the cellar. Don't you think it would be easier to move the sofa over underneath the mistletoe?"

Frank Sawin Bailey.

TOO OUTRE.

ADVERTISING MANAGER.—I want to get up something original for a big Christmas ad.

ASSISTANT.—What's the matter with neglecting to state that our store is Santa Claus's headquarters?



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AFTER THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

SHE.—I know there's something I've forgotten to buy!

HE.—That's just what I thought.

SHE.—Why did you think so?

HE.—Because you have some money left.

A REPORT.

"Of course, the bicycle is popular in your town?"

"Very! Statistics show that fifty-nine per cent. of the inhabitants ride wheels, and sixty-two per cent. of the remainder are writing for catalogues."

VERY MODEST.

SHE.—Mr. Beacon talks like a book.

HE.—Yes; like an autobiography.

DIFFERENT.

"She is n't pretty. Is she intellectual?"

"No;—musical."

BOTANICAL.

WILLY.—Pa, what kind of plants are "widow's weeds?"

PAPA.—Oh! a sort of mourning glory, in most cases.



IV.



V.



VI.

PUNISHED.

"No, sir-ree!" said Santa Claus, in a tone which indicated annoyance; "I don't stop at any house where little boys call me a fake!" And he drove on to the next roof.

DISCOURAGING OUTLOOK.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper.

"Well, Benny?"

"I'm afraid that Santa Claus will hit the Klondike soon after he leaves his home in the Arctic zone, and won't be able to get any farther South. Will he, Papa?"



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE REAL ARCTIC RIGORS. **T**HE LOT of the up-to-date Arctic explorer is full of worry and peril and hardship. The unthinking public is prone to consider these as past when he returns to lecture about how he did n't reach the Pole, but the truth is that they have then only begun. It is easy not to reach the Pole if one has a staunch boat and a goodly stock of provisions to do it with. But telling about it to lyceum audiences and garnering its other rewards is a thing ever attended by hair-whitening worry. There is not only the lecture contract, and the contract providing that no other member of the expedition shall open his head about it, but there are innumerable supplementary details to harass and perplex. Mr. Peary comes into port after a pleasant Summer in the North, bringing a large and unwieldy meteorite. Then his troubles begin. The beard-wagging chins of science voice doubts of the genuineness of his prize, saying that it may be just any old piece of rock; the sight-seers who throng his craft at twenty-five cents a head clamor for chunks of it, and, of course, suitable material must be found at adjacent iron-foundries to serve as these "specimens." Perhaps it has to be hauled from as far away as a couple of miles. Then his Esquimaux succumb to the rigors of a New York Autumn, and the explorer himself, uninured to exposure, must face the prospect of catching cold on draughty lecture platforms. Dr. Nansen, the other Arctic star now on the boards, finds his pathway hardly less thorny. He is not only the harried prey of lion-hunters in the social jungle, but he has discovered that the people who lure him into attending "receptions" are apt to be satisfied with that view of him and not buy tickets for his lecture the following evening. Such a discovery fills an Arctic explorer with a horror such as snow and icebergs and imminent death in the far North could never induce. Let no one rashly essay to be a hardy and intrepid explorer of the North without first giving careful thought to this most important and perilous branch of the profession.

MR. DINGLEY'S PROBLEM. **T**HERE IS an ancient problem in physics which runs: "What would occur if an irresistible force met an immovable body?" To the best of our knowledge it has not been satisfactorily solved. Indeed, orthodox scientists contend, we believe, that the terms of the problem amount to an absurdity; that no body could remain immovable in the path of an irresistible force, and that any force would cease to be irresistible if it had the misfortune to meet an immovable body. This hypothesis is plausible, and yet in a time full of new-found truths we must not yield belief unwarily even to the most apparently obvious conclusions. For instance, a bright schoolboy lately replied that if an irresistible force should meet an immovable body, they would "turn out for each other." The suggestion is an engaging one, and it becomes more interesting when we remember that Mr. Dingley has built a tariff law on the same ingenuous theory. Mr. Dingley set himself the task of contriving a tariff law which should simultaneously stop all importations and raise revenue from a tax on importations. This was the old problem in analogous terms. Mr. Dingley is having trouble with it. He fondly believed that his irresistible force and his immovable body would turn out for each other; but they have not done so up to date. His import-preventing and revenue-raising forces have thus far respected the old law. He has succeeded measurably in shutting off imports, but in the same measure he has not succeeded in raising the needed revenue. His success in one direction measures his failure in the other, and the size of each for the first five months of his tariff is \$46,000,000. His miscalculation means an embarrassing deficit to the government and a certain degree of disaster to the Republican party. The government can stand it. We are dubious about the political party.

AN HONEST POLITICIAN WANTED. **A** REPORT THAT the Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed would shortly remove to New York has brought cheer to many despondent Republicans hereabouts. They seem to think he has talents that finely fit him to occupy the chair of leadership which was so ably vacated by Mr. Platt at the last election, and that he is wasting those talents when he stays in Washington merely to prevent Congress from doing things. As to the need for a statesman to take Mr. Platt's place there can be no doubt in the minds of those who have observed the breaking up of the Republican party under his leadership. It is alleged that Mr. Platt was discovered to be lunching surreptitiously with Mr. Richard Croker in a private room of a downtown club at the beginning of the last campaign. This, of course, was good evidence that both gentlemen were scandalously careless about the company they kept. But it was something more. Taken in connection with Mr. Platt's subsequent behavior, and the nice laying-out of his party according to his own plan, it has convinced most Republicans that he should never again be trusted in a situation where the interests of the party and the interests of his pocket-book are unfriendly. In this state of mind it is natural that earnest Republicans should hail the rumor of Mr. Reed's coming with every symptom of delight. We hope the denials of this rumor have no basis in fact; not alone for the service Mr. Reed could do his party here, but because he would make a picturesque and valuable citizen of Greater New York.

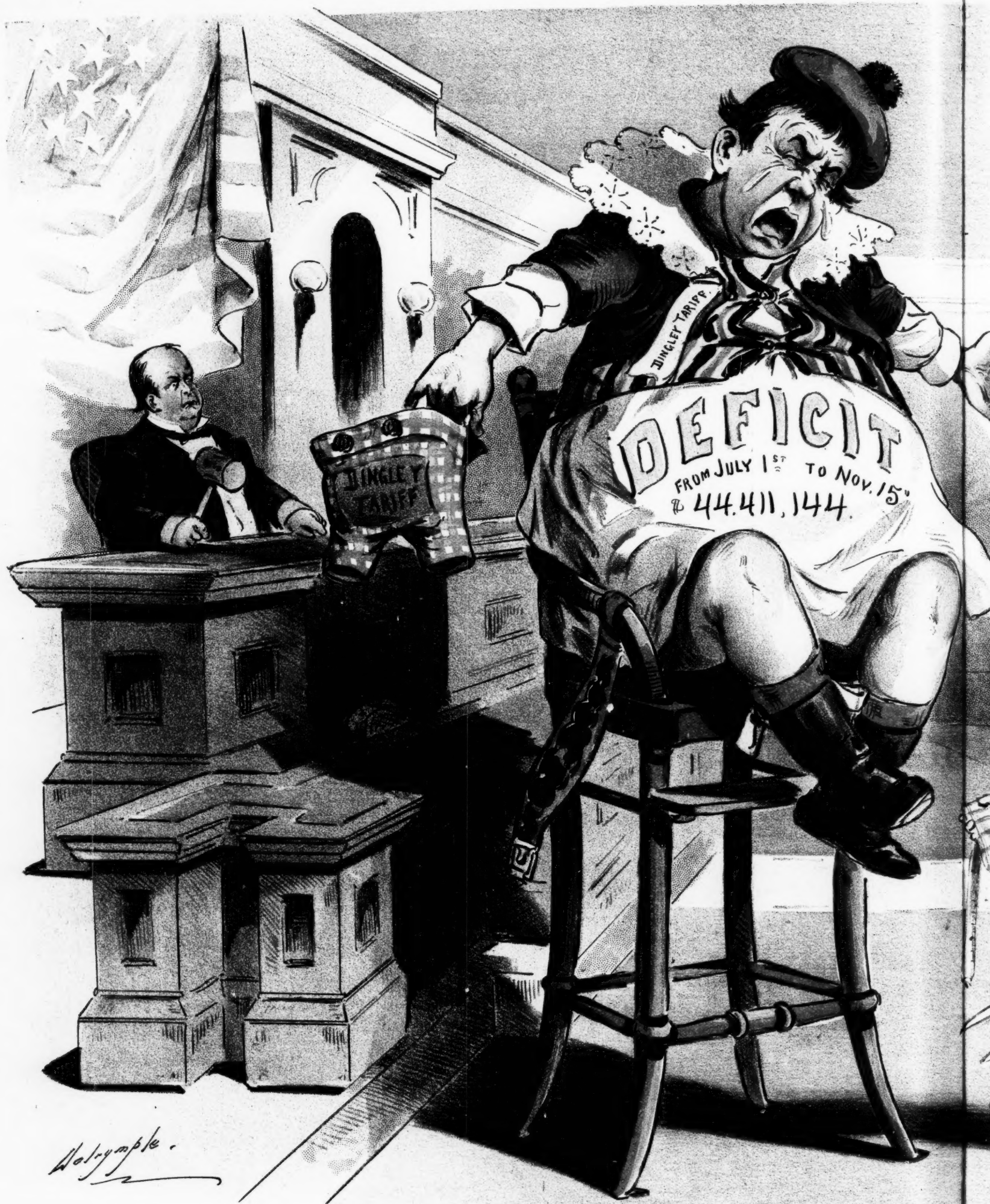
NANSEN'S WATERLOO.



The jam of icebergs in the Arctic regions did n't frighten him in the least;—

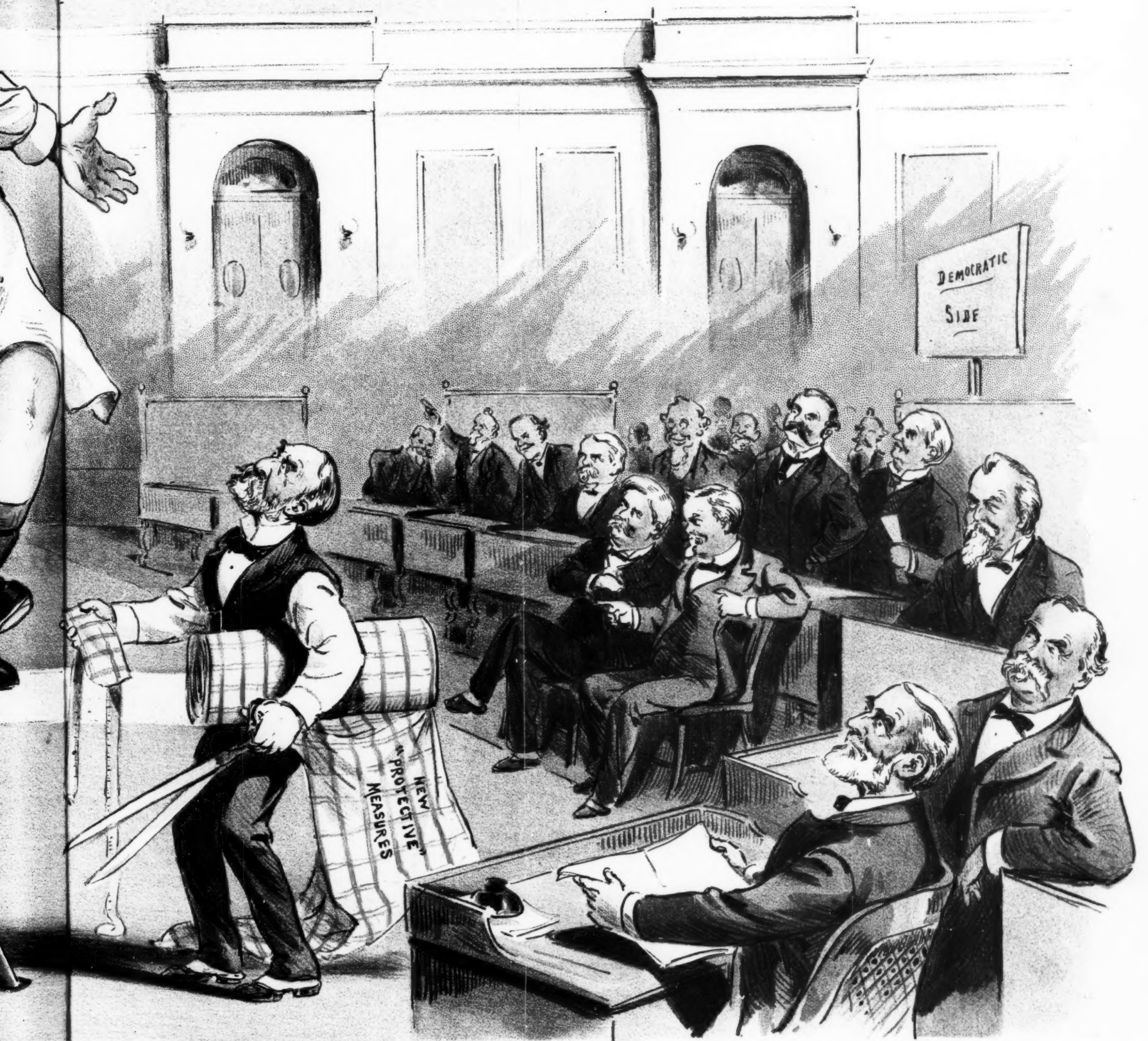


—but the jam of American lion-hunters and autograph-fiends is a little too much for him.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. New York, N.Y.

A TROUBLESOME INFANT—HE GROWS FAST



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WS FASTER THAN HIS GOD-FATHERS EXPECTED.

A LAGGARD IN LOVE.

"I GIVE you a key to my heart," said she,
"So come when you will and unlock it;
Your key is just this" (and she offered a kiss):
"Don't let it wear holes in your pocket!"

Two days flitted by ere I ventured to try
My luck in that storehouse of blisses;
I tried that new key she had given to me,
But, lo! she rejected all kisses.

"You're really so slow," she yawned,
"don't you know—
Or were you away on vacation?
I knew your key'd rust, and—you
don't mind, I trust—
I've altered the combination!"
Frank Roe Batchelder.

HAD CONSIDERED.

THEOSOPHIST.—Did you ever stop to consider why it is that you
feel an antagonism to certain people the first time you meet them?
SPROCKETS.—Yes; sometimes they're riding on the wrong side
of the road.



THE SECRET.

ZACHARIAH MEADOWS (of Cabbage Junction, L. I.,
enviously).—How in tarnation did you git them Klondike
nuggets so dog-gone cheap, Josh?

UNCLE GEEHAW (of Hay Corners, L. I., confiden-
tially).—The bunco-man said that the secret was thet
they was smuggled in, an' did n't pay no excise tax!

HIS NATURAL INFERENCE.

"This wonderful freak of nature, ladies and gentlemen,"
announced the side-show lecturer, in tones suitable for de-
clamatory purposes, "is Professor Slimsmith, the living skele-
ton, absolutely the thinnest man ever on exhibition. The
Professor is nearly forty years of age, and, although a trifle
over six feet in height, tips the scales at the infinitesimal
weight of sixty-two and one-half pounds. At the age of thirty
years he was a ruddy-complexioned, corpulent man of nearly
two hundred and fifty pounds' weight; but, soon thereafter, without
being attacked by any organic disease, so far as the physicians were
ever able to discover, he began wasting slowly but steadily away, till at
last he was reduced to his present attenuated and almost diaphanous
condition, thus presenting one of the strangest, and at the same time
most interesting cases in all the annals of the human race. If you
care to converse with the Professor, ladies and gentlemen, you will find
him well-educated, polite and entertaining."

"Excuse me, Professor," said the able editor of the Ruralville Bazaar,



AT THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

FIRST DOMESTIC.—Luk out fer that wan, if she wants t' hire yez!

SECOND DOMESTIC.—Fer phwhy?

FIRST DOMESTIC.—Well, Oi'm suspicious av th' family. Oi wint
t' take th' place wan day, an' they have a motto in th' kitchen, r'adin',
"God Help Our Cook!"

elbowing his way to the platform whereon sat the subject of the lecture,
"but what country newspaper did you edit before you went into the
show business?"

Tom P. Morgan.



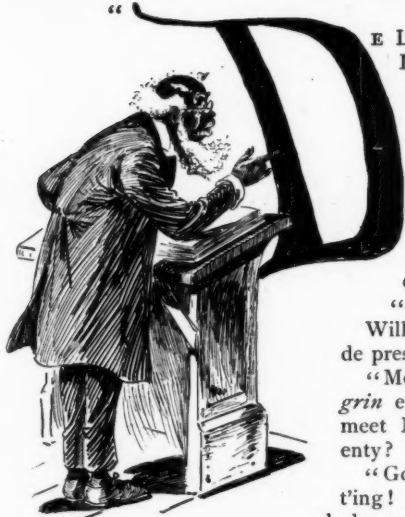
ANOTHER NEWSPAPER HORROR.

MRS. JONES (indignantly).—These newspapers are just simply not fit to read.

MR. JONES.—Another crime, I suppose?

MRS. JONES.—Yes;—here is a description of the gown I wore at the ball last
night, that must have been written by some ignorant, amateur male reporter that
did n't know a dress from a dromedary!

"DE MIGHTY LAWD."



"E LAWD, my bredderen," said Deacon Darkley, adjusting a huge pair of spec's on his old nose, and then peering at his flock over them, "am de mos' lebel-haided pusson I knows! Dah ent no monkey-bizness wif God no how!"

"De good Book say dah God ent no respectah ob pusson en place, en I wan's to 'splain dat to yo' dis mawnen."

"Am God got mo' respec foh Wilyum Mu'kinly jes case he am de pressyden' ob de Aninted States?"

"Mebbe God tek offen he hat, en grin en scrape He lef' foot ef He meet Mistah Benjymin Hah'i'sun, enty?"

"God ent gottah do no sech a t'ing! He jes ent gottah do nuffin' ob de sort! Mebbe yo' t'ink dah de

Gub'nah ob dis yere state is gottah bettah pull wif God dan yo' is? He ent! He ent got no' mo' pull wif God dan—dan Bruddah Briarpatch yonnah, wha' grow 'taters foh he liben! "Doan yo' fool yo'selfs dah God ent got time to keep He eye on yo'!"

"En He ent hab to w'a'r specs to see yo', neidah! Yo' can' monkey wif He! Dey am lots ob fellahs runnin' roun', sly es de possum, en yo' all prais' em en t'ink dey am good—en dem is de very fellahs dah mek God show de w'ites ob He eye at!"

"Dey am lots ob fellahs so stuck on deysefs, dah dey t'inks God am stuck on 'em too, en dey ent boddah much wif God."

"But attah w'ile God git fightin' mad, en he tek dem men by de colah, en shake em so he bus' de buttons offen dey britches! God ent no fool!"

"En it am hahd'ah foh a needle to git een a two-hump camel eye, dan foh some fellahs to get to glory!"

"God ent gottah be a respectah ob pussons case ent He de mannyfac'h'uh?"

"Mebbe yo' niggahs t'ink dah de sennytahs am gottah bettah show dan yo' is!"

"Dey ent! En dey am a 'speeshin een my min' dah de pollytishuns en God ent hang out togeddah, nohow!"

"God ent no respectah ob places! He ent hab to tek offen He shoe en go roun' een He sock ef He go tah wisit dah Mistah Wannahgilt's place dah de noospapahs write 'bout!"

"He kin set on de bes' plush bottom cha'air een de pahlah, een He wuckin' clo'es!"



IN THE MUSEUM.

FIRST RURAL VISITOR.—I think the folks that run this place is awful keerless.

SECOND RURAL VISITOR.—How so?

FIRST RURAL VISITOR.—Look at that fat boy! They've put him right alongside of that cannibal chief!



WHY HE GAVE IT UP.

WEARY WEEFERS.—Yes; I once rode er wheel, but I hed ter give it up. BIKER.—Why?

WEARY WEEFERS.—Well, yer see, de owner wuz comin' down de road behind me, an' de sheriff hed a rope stretch'd acrost in front.

"He kin look Queen Wicto'ruh een de eye ha'hd, en keep on He hat! "He kin tek dah Yemp'rah Wilyum wha' t'ink he kin run de yearf, en He kin frow Wilyum on he bac' en cut de Mobile Buck on he stommak! "En Brudder Thinlegs yonnah am got jes as good ah chance wif He as de wice-pressyden ob de Aninted States!"

"Ent yo' undahstahn dah yo' is awl-l gottah soul foh to sabe? Yo' is! "Yo' is all gottah soul foh to sabe, eben to de po' I'ish dah wuck on de railroad foh he liben!"

"Eben to Sistah Green yonnah wha' cut offen de laigs ob she ole mahn britches en wa' em she-sef, so she kin straddle on one ob dem new-fangled eenstrymens ob de debbel, de two-wheel visik'l!"

"Yo' am all gottah soul foh to sabe, eben to de pollytishuns!"

"Bruddah Thinlegs will now staht de moven ob de sperret een p'r'ar, en' I riccomens to yo' p'r'ars, Bruddah Lifatch who am got een trouble gittin' cha'h'ged wif cunjuh'en Judge Collins's chickens. En attah de p'r'a'r yo' will j'ine Bruddah Rob. Roos' een de hymn—

"Nobody know de trouble I knows; Nobody knows but yo', Lawd! W'en I feel de mi'g'ry, en trimble ah my foes, Den I gottah turn to yo', Lawd!"

Tom Lois Newton.



PUCK's suggestion to our Foot-Ball players, for use while they are not working their hair.

THE PLEASANT PART.

TELLER.—Colonel Gassaway, the politician, flatters himself that he is following in the footsteps of Thomas Jefferson.

GRIMSHAW.—Yes; he flatters himself; but, after all, it is just as well—it makes Gassaway feel good, and Jefferson does n't mind.

IN HARLEM.

SHE.—If we only had a spare room!

HE.—If we had, we could make money by exhibiting it as a curiosity.

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—*Atchison Globe.*

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PROOF.

"Trouble with—hic—you, Jenkins, is you're full."
"I'm full? Nonsense! What makes you think so?"
"Well, if—hic—if you were sober, you'd know it was n't any good tryin' to get me to go home."

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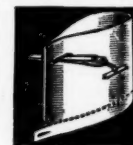
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DID it ever occur to you, dear reader, that rats
almost always gnaw a good thing when they see
it? —*West Union Gazette.*

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MRS. O'FLAHERTY
(to NELLY, aged nine).
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good in gittin' you a
French governess if
you goes and says
Fido has the mange,
instid of the ménage.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia will find
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ger's Angostura Bitters.*

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"Can't; only have a half."
"That's all right; you can owe me the other
half." — *Princeton Tiger.*

ARRANGED.
MRS. NEWED.—
But I can't carry both
the baby and the
sachel.
NEWED.—Well, let
the baby carry the
sachel. — *The Yellow
Book.*

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by spending a night on a door-step when the
thermometer is more or less below zero. — *Rox-
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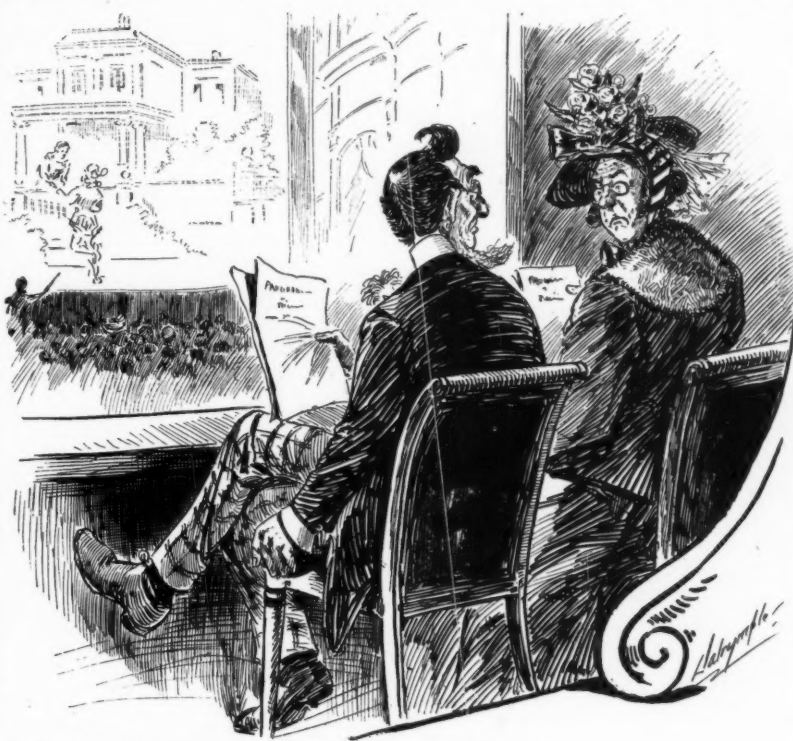
THE Spaniards and Cubans have got to struggle along the best way they can for a while. We're too busy to offer them any advice. We're breaking in a new suit of Winter underclothing. —*West Union Gazette.*



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FOR THE COMING YEAR

Some Notable Features

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These reminiscences contain more unpublished war history than any other book except the Government publications. Mr. Dana was intimately associated with Lincoln, Stanton, Grant, Sherman, and the other great men of the Civil War. He had the confidence of the President and his great War Secretary and he was sent on many *private missions* to make important investigations in the army. Lincoln called him "*The Eyes of the Government at the Front.*" Everywhere through these memoirs are bits of *Secret History* and *Fresh Recollections of Great Men.* These reminiscences will be illustrated with many *Rare and Unpublished War Photographs* from the Government collection which now contains over 8,000 negatives of almost priceless value.

RUDYARD KIPLING STORIES & POEMS

The Christmas McCLURE'S contains a complete *Short Story* by Rudyard Kipling entitled "THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTOR," the Tale of a "clouded tiger," an officer in the Indian army, and a rebellious tribe. We have in hand also a *New Ballad*, a powerful, grim, moving song of War Ships. It will be superbly illustrated. Mr. Kipling will be a frequent contributor.

ANTHONY HOPE'S NEW ZENDA NOVEL

"*Rupert of Hentzau*," the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." In splendid invention, in characters, in dramatic situations, it is the noblest and most stirring novel that Anthony Hope has ever written.

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The autobiography of one of the most daring and experienced divers, who has gone deeper than any other man living, who has worked under water in almost every part of the world, and has had innumerable adventures and hairbreadth escapes.

SHORT STORIES BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

Rudyard Kipling, Robert Barr, William Allen White, Ian Maclaren, Octave Thanet, Stephen Crane, and many others, the best story writers in the world, will contribute to McCLURE'S during the coming year.

EDISON'S LATEST ACHIEVEMENT

Edison's Wonderful Invention. The result of eight years' constant labor. Mountains ground to dust, and the iron ore extracted by magnetism. *The Fastest Ship.* An article by the inventor and constructor of "Turbinia," a vessel that can make the speed of an express train. *Making a Great Telescope*, by the most competent authority living. *Lord Kelvin*, a character sketch and substance of a conversation with this eminent scientist on unsolved problems of life.

WASHINGTON'S DEATH

The story of his last days from the diary of his secretary Tobias Lear. So far as we can learn this diary has never before been completely published. Illustrated with the last portrait of Washington, and other pictures.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S LIFE

Drawn from fifteen years' personal experience as brakeman, fireman and engineer, by Herbert E. Hamblin. It is a narrative of *work, adventure, hazards, accidents and escapes*, and is as vivid and dramatic as a piece of fiction.

C. D. GIBSON IN EGYPT

Mr. Gibson has just sailed for the Mediterranean. He will spend the winter in Egypt and make there a series of pictures that will be published in instalments in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE during the coming year.

THE CUSTER MASSACRE

The account of this terrible fight written down by Hamlin Garland as it came from the lips of *Two Moons*, an old Indian Chief who was a participant in it.

NEW YORK IN 1950

Its houses, streets, means of travel, water supply, safeguards of life and health, sports and pleasures—the conditions of life of the perfected city of the next century, by Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jr., Commissioner of the Street Cleaning Department of New York.

MARK TWAIN

Mark Twain contributes an article in his old manner, describing his voyage from *India to South Africa.* The illustrations are by A. B. Frost and Peter Newell, and are as droll and humorous as the article itself.

NANSEN

The great Arctic explorer has written an article on the possibilities of reaching the North Pole; on the methods that the next expedition should adopt, and the important scientific knowledge to be gained by an expedition; concerning the climate, the ocean currents, depth and temperature of the water, etc. This knowledge will be of the greatest value to science.

ADVENTURE

Andrée: His Balloon and His Expedition, from materials furnished by the brother of Mr. Strinberg, André's companion. *Sven Hedin in Unexplored Asia*, a story of remarkable adventure and endurance. *Londor in Thibet.* His own story. He was captured, tortured and finally escaped to India. *Jackson in the far North.* The famous explorer writes of the years he lived in regions far north of the boundaries of human habitation.

ILLUSTRATIONS

The best artists and illustrators are making pictures for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. A. B. Frost, Peter Newell, C. D. Gibson, Howard Pyle, Kenyon Cox, C. K. Linson, W. D. Stevens, Alfred Brennan and others.

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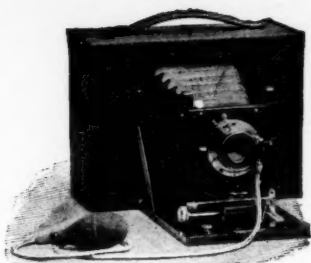
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DEFECTS OF THE EYES

OFTEN DUE TO UNSTRUNG NERVES AND DERANGEMENT OF NERVE CENTRES.

If you have trouble with your eyes, back, or digestion, do not depend too much on liver pills; get your nerves examined. If you have palpitation of the heart and sinking spells and other unpleasant things, do not think that your blood is impoverished; it may be your nerves and you do not know it. Headaches are not all caused by overwork and study; the greater portion of them are due to unstrung nerves, for which there are many causes.

When a person looks at a street-car twenty feet away and thinks it is in the next block, he ought to have something done for it. His nerves are out of gear. Sometimes when a fellow complains of backache, his slangy friends say: "You've lost your nerve." They did not know how near they came to the truth. Many defects of the eyes and numerous other disorders are never for a moment connected with the nerves by the sufferer until the strain becomes so widely disseminated as to produce various chronic disorders. You may be cross-eyed and still not know it.

By the lines of your face, I tell the story of your life; by looking into your eyes I tell your nationality; by examination of your scalp I tell you whether you are liable to lose your hair. For instance, I never saw a person who had coarse hair and scalp who was bald-headed. In all cases of bald-heads, then, scalp and skin is very thin and the hair very fine. People with thin skin require an entirely different treatment from those with thick skin for any disease of mind or body. A good doctor must have practical experience and exceedingly good judgment, otherwise you are better off without his services.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist.

OVERHEARD AT THE GARDEN.

"What's he doing here?" asked the hackney of the hunter, nodding toward Cholly Van Dudkins.

"He's paid to come in, I imagine," whinnied the hunter; "why should n't he come?"

"Oh! he behaves like a jackass, and this is a Horse Show." — *Harper's Bazar.*

REGRET.

"Did your railway make money?"
"No," replied the promoter; "we would n't let well enough alone."

"There was a chance of its being profitable, then?"

"Yes; but we were n't satisfied with selling stock. We had to go ahead and try to build the road." — *Washington Star.*

THE TRAMP.—Can you tell me how I can get some work, sir?

THE CITIZEN (*crustily*).—Yes; buy a bicycle, and try to keep it clean! — *Yonkers Statesman.*



Drinkers of Evans' Pale Ale take a peculiar delight in turning the bottle upside down and draining the last drop because there is no sediment or dregs.
The only ale always fit to drink.

DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

FREDERICK CLASSUP, Sole Agent for the U.S., 22 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK.

AN ARDUOUS UNDERTAKING.

OME PEOPLE think it great to be
The power behind the throne;
I do not see it in that light,
I'm very free to own.

I realize now what it means,
And do so with a will,
Since on a tandem with my queen
I pedaled up a hill.

McLanburgh Wilson.

ONE GOOD TURN, ETC.

DYING MILLIONAIRE.—I have been much in litigation, always successful, too, and I feel that I owe everything to the lawyers. I want them to have all my property.

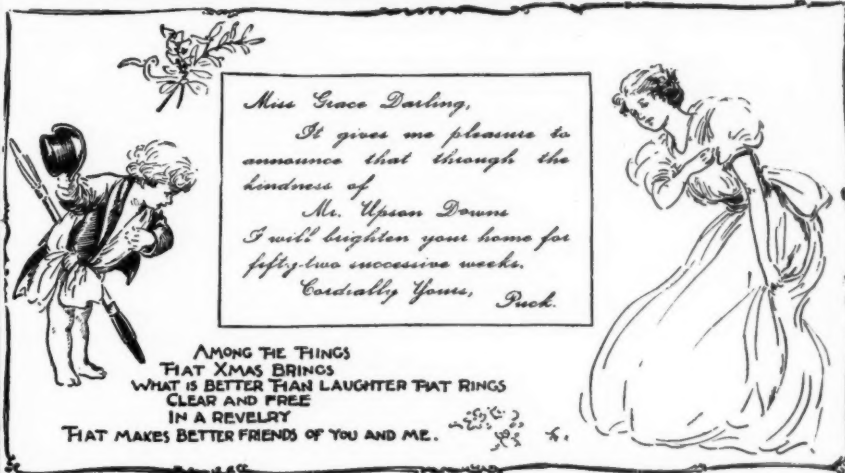
ATTORNEY.—Ah! You wish me to make a will, then, bequeathing—

DYING MILLIONAIRE.—Cutting off all my relations, and bequeathing the money to charitable institutions.—*New York Weekly.*



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Puck's Christmas Card.



Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

.. A Suitable Christmas Present ..

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription Book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline. This card, (size, 7x4 1/4 inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;

To send by mail to distant dear ones;

To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

Address: PUCK, NEW YORK.

TOO NARROW.

FUNNICUS.—Did you hear about Measleugh's narrow escape?
EASYMEET.—No. What happened?
FUNNICUS.—It was a fire escape, and it was so narrow that the building inspector made him take it down and put up a wider one.—*Facts.*

CULTURE.

"Is it true," asked the visitor of the old resident, "that this town used to be called 'Daisy'?"

"Yep; but they was a family moved here from Boston and they got it changed to 'Marguerite.'"
—*Detroit Free Press.*



The Mathematics of a Cocktail.

Nothing is more positive in results or dryer to handle than figures. You can always prove them. Weights and measures we must have, or your neighbors' buying and selling ideas would vary. Ask any one to measure out a pint, or guess at the weight of any article. How near do they come to it? Do you think that the bartender can measure out exactly forty drops every time?

Between the accuracy of weights and measures and your guess or the bartender's, lies an essential difference between the Heublein Club Cocktails and all others. Your eye and hand can not be depended upon like weights and measures used in the mixing of cocktails in quantity. Heublein's Club Cocktails are always uniform—always the same. Then again, a Cocktail is a blend of liquors; all blends improve with age. You can't get much age in a cocktail you mix yourself or at a bar. The Heublein Club Cocktails, made from the best liquors, blend and improve with age.

If you are a wise citizen you know about the Heublein Club Cocktails—how good they are, and how convenient to have in your home.

If your favorite cocktail is a Manhattan, Martini, Whisky, Holland Gin, Vermouth or York, you have your cho coe.

A DIFFERENT THING.

SMITH-BLACK.—Pooh! my wife can thrash you.

BLACK-SMITH.—Well, if you think so come on and fight.

SMITH-BLACK.—Steady—hold on—I did n't say I could.—*The Yellow Book.*

MOTHER (*reading*).—Every name means something; Charlie means brave; Philip mean fond; what does Jack mean?

DAUGHTER (*who also is reading*).—Oh, Jack? Why, he means business! he told me so last night.—*Yale Record.*



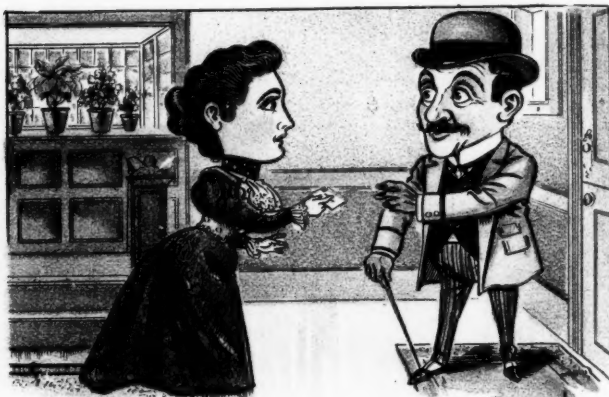
MRS. JAYSON. — Henry, dear, I stepped into Madame De Sticher's this afternoon, and ordered her to make me a new ball dress. She is going to start on it the first thing in the morning. I knew you would let me have it.



MR. JAYSON (*angrily*). — Knew I would let you have it, did you? Well, you are most woefully mistaken, my dear extravagant woman! Here I am raking and scraping, trying to make both ends meet, and you go and order a one-hundred-dollar ball dress. Just write a letter and countermand that order at once!



MRS. JAYSON. — He is getting too mean for anything. He has plenty of money and can well afford to buy me the dress. It is too bad to have to give it up, but I must do as he says and write a letter countermanding the order. Ah! I have a scheme! Perhaps I can have the dress yet.

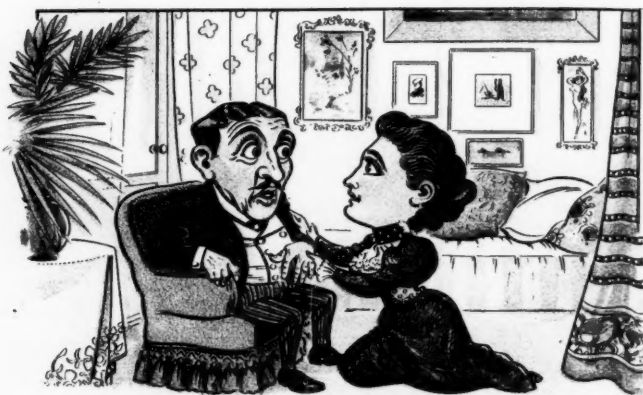


"Henry, you are going out, will you kindly mail this letter for me? It is a notice to the dressmaker, countermanding the order for that dress."

MR. JAYSON (*pleased*). — That is good, my dear. There is one thing about you I must commend. You are obedient, and I like an obedient wife. Yes; I will mail it at the first box I come across.



"I tell you what, there is nothing like having a woman under your thumb. That hundred dollars saved will pay my semi-annual club dues."



MRS. JAYSON (*ten days later*). — Oh! Henry, what a good, kind, noble man you are! How can I ever be grateful enough to you? I never thought you were merely playing a trick on me to try my obedience to you. Just wait here five minutes, and I will let you see how well I look in it.



MR. JAYSON. — I wonder what in the world she means? Good, kind, noble man! Grateful to me! Playing a trick on her! I don't see what she has to be specially grateful to me for. That last dress she asked me for I refused to give her and made her write a letter — Good heavens and earth! I forgot to mail that letter!



MRS. JAYSON. — Now, how do you think I look in it? Is n't it beautiful? Is n't it becoming? Oh, you sly, sweet rascal, not to mail that letter after making me write it! (*aside*.) That plan worked far better than I even dared hope.